image
13
JAN
$1.95
$2.65
CANADA
THE MASK

image™ COMICS PRESENTS:

THE MAXX™

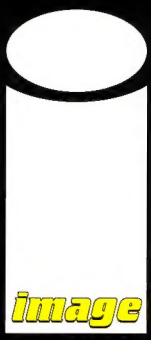
story & art
SAM KIETH
swell dialogue
BILL MESSNER-LOEBS
finishes
JIM SINCLAIR
lettering
MIKE HEISLER
color
STEVE OLIFF
and OLYOPTICS
logo
CHANCE WOLF
film output
KELL-O-GRAPHICS

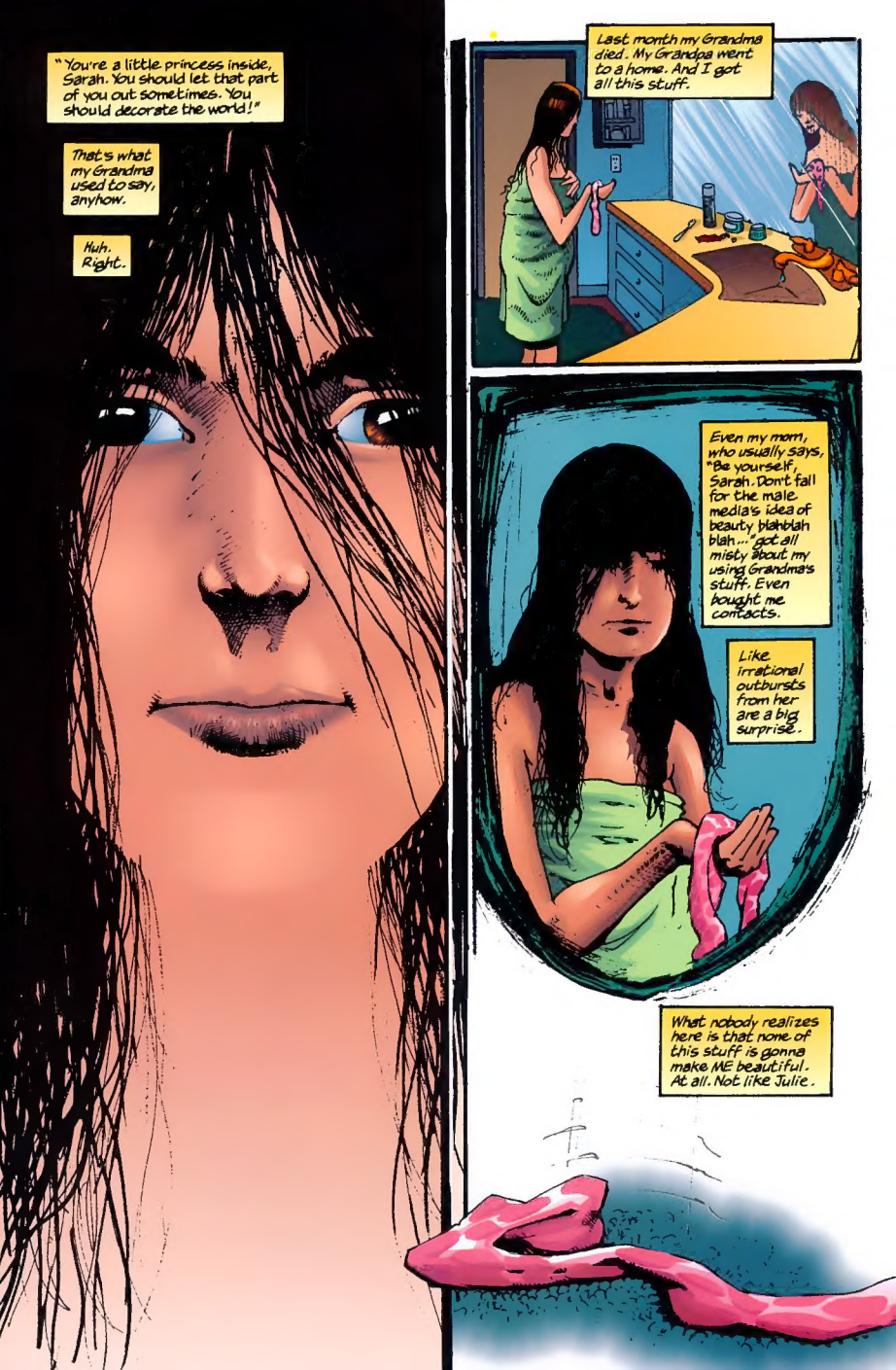
OLYOPTICS:
Tracey Anderson, Robyn Roberson, Cathy Enis, Patti Stratton Jordan, Kirk Mobert, Quinn Suplee, William Zindel, Lea Rude, Stacy Cox, Marie St. Clair, Chris Wolfe, and Moolis.

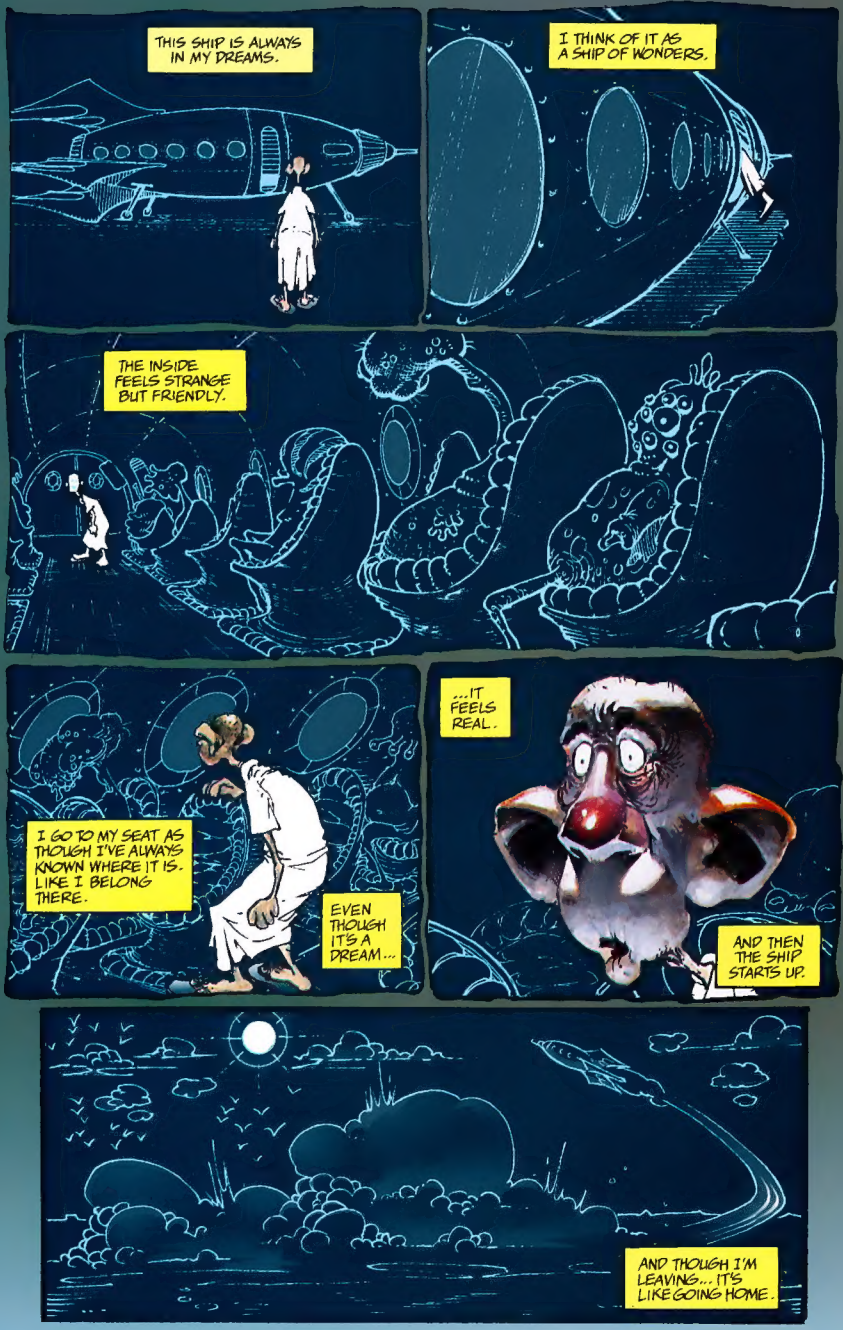
FOR IMAGE COMICS

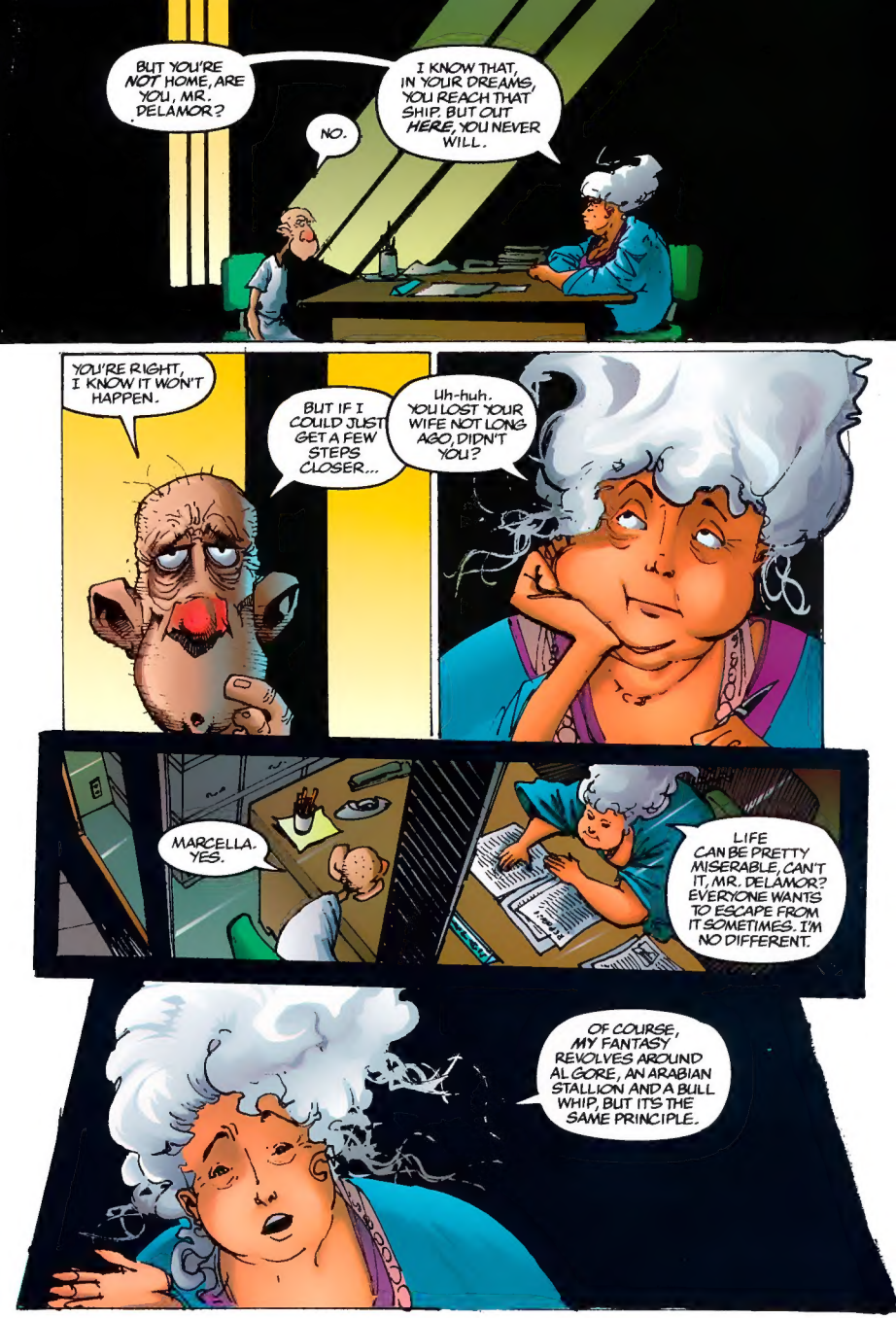
Executive Director: LARRY MARDER
Publisher: TONY LOBITO
Art Director: DOUG GRIFFITH
Production Manager: TERESA CESPEDES
Distribution: GERMAINE ZACHARIAH
Traffic: RONNA COULTER
Graphic Design: KENNY FELIX
Asst. to Exec. Director: KELLY VAN LANDINGHAM

MAXX #13. JANUARY 1995. FIRST PRINTING. Published by IMAGE COMICS. P.O. Box 25468 Anaheim CA 92825. Entire contents ™ and © 1995 Sam Kieth, all rights reserved. Last issue before the cartoon comes out! (Maybe.) Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Sam Kieth. Send correspondence to: Sam Kieth, 4363 Hazel Avenue, Suite 1-285, Fair Oaks, California, 95628. Publishers and creator assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials
PRINTED IN CANADA.

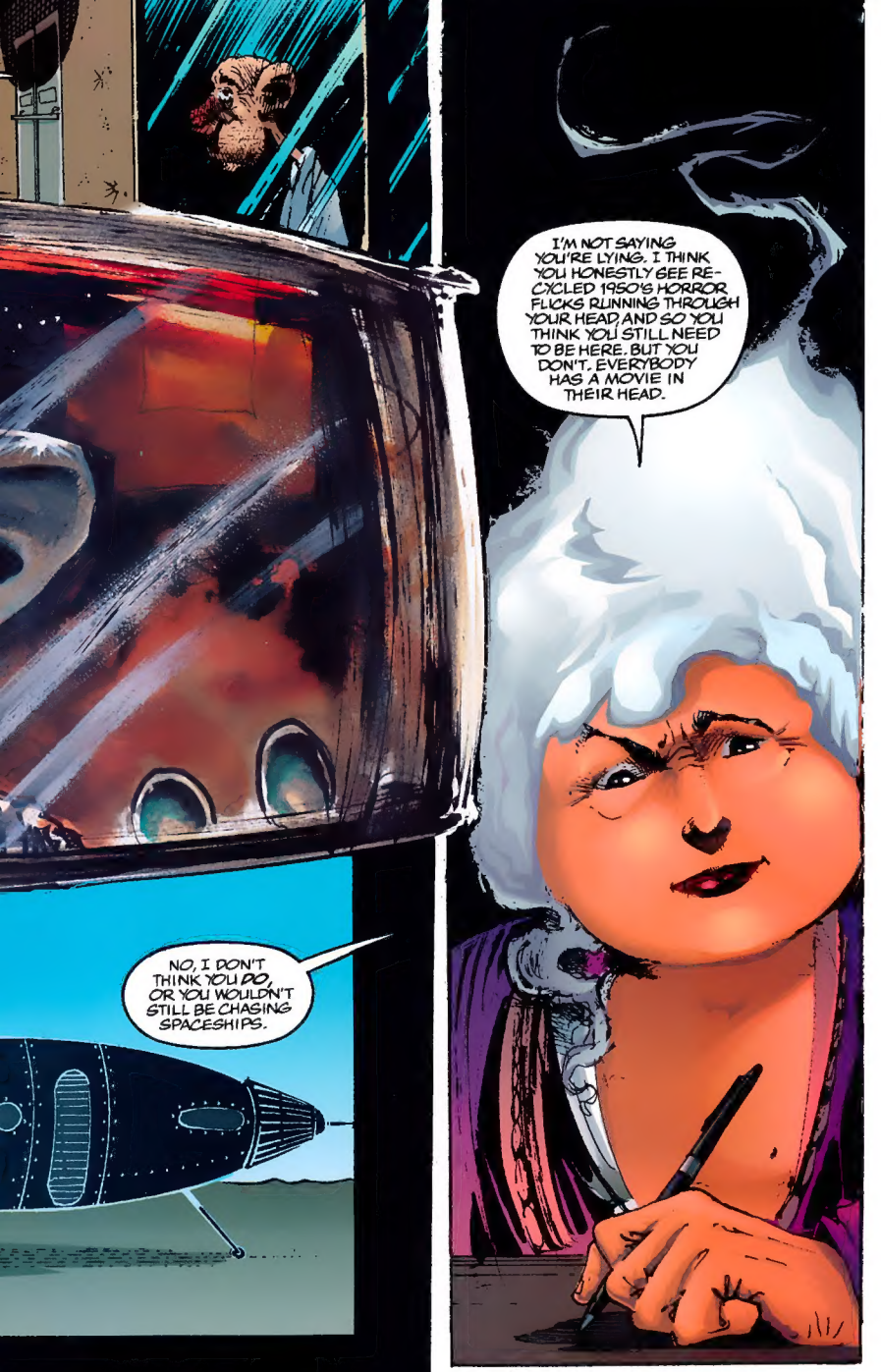



"You're a little princess inside, Sarah. You should let that part of you out sometimes. You should decorate the world!"
That's what my Grandma used to say, anyhow.
Huh. Right.
Last month my Grandma died. My Grandpa went to a home. And I got all this stuff.
Even my mom, who usually says, "Be yourself, Sarah. Don't fall for the male media's idea of beauty blahblah blah..." got all misty about my using Grandma's stuff. Even bought me contacts.
Like irrational outbursts from her are a big surprise.
What nobody realizes here is that none of this stuff is gonna make ME beautiful. At all. Not like Julie.

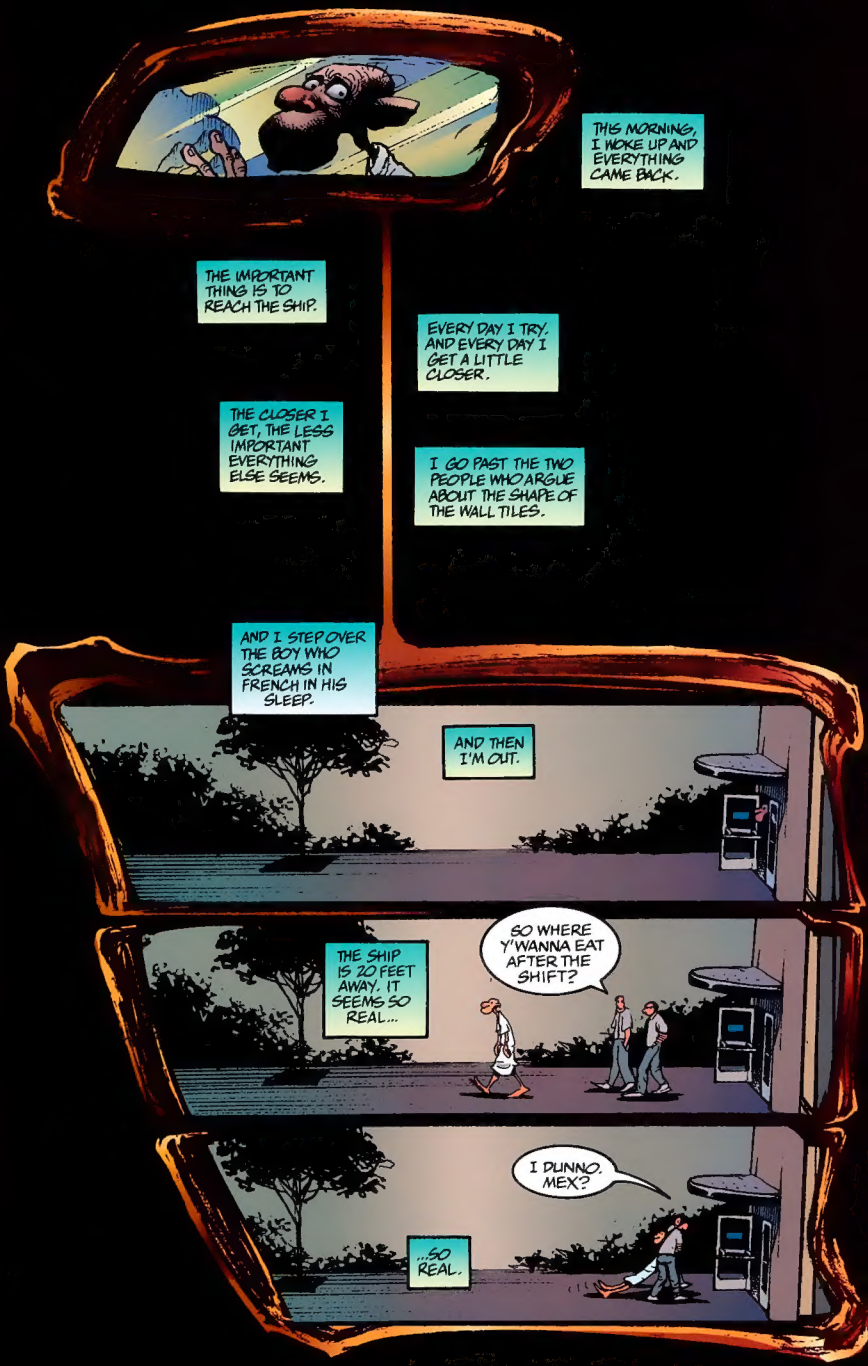

THIS SHIP IS ALWAYS IN MY DREAMS.
I THINK OF IT AS A SHIP OF WONDERS.
THE INSIDE FEELS STRANGE BUT FRIENDLY.
I GO TO MY SEAT AS THOUGH I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WHERE IT IS. LIKE I BELONG THERE.
EVEN THOUGH IT'S A DREAM...
...IT FEELS REAL.
AND THEN THE SHIP STARTS UP.
AND THOUGH I'M LEAVING... IT'S LIKE GOING HOME.

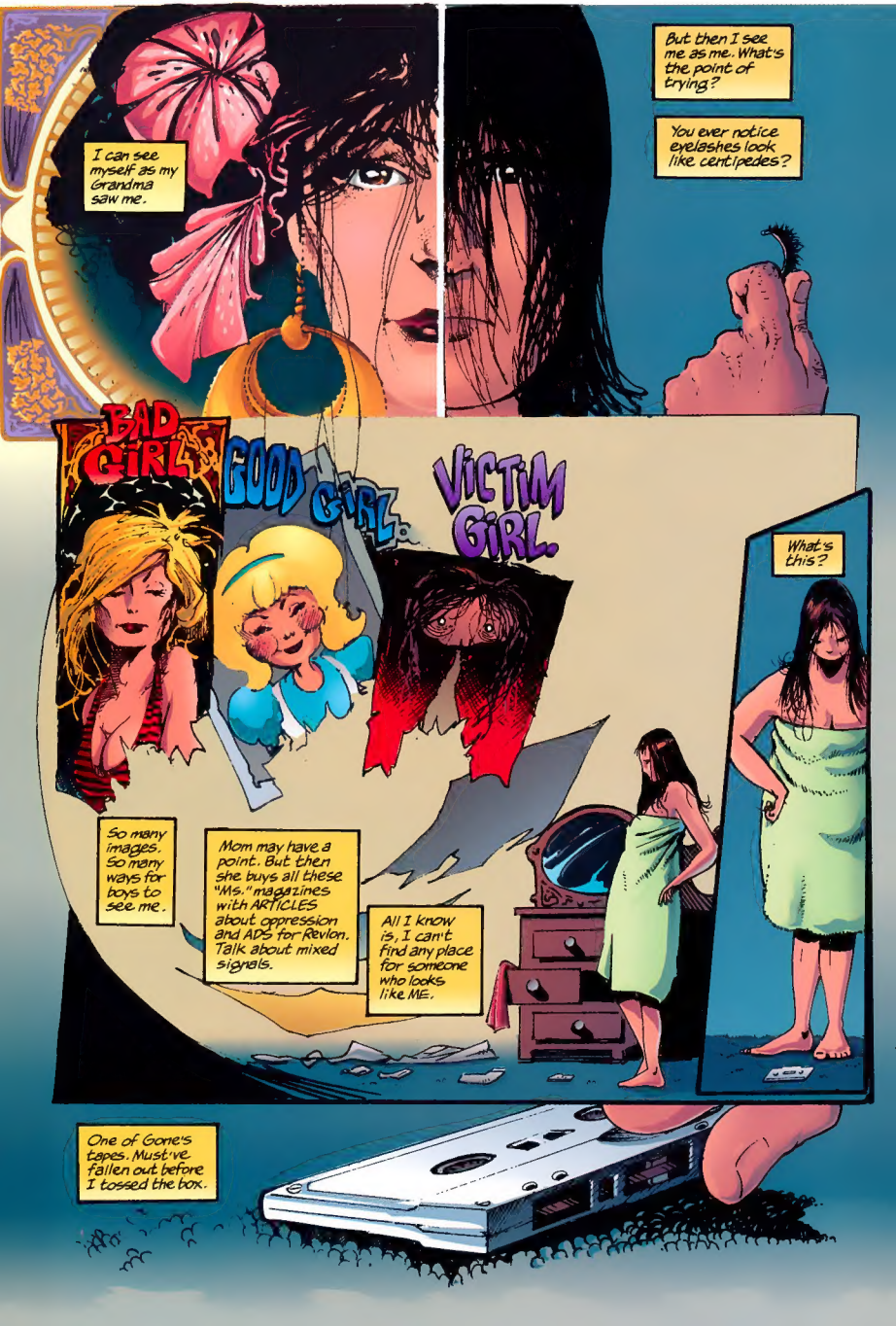

BUT YOU'RE NOT HOME, ARE YOU, MR. DELAMOR?
NO.
I KNOW THAT, IN YOUR DREAMS, YOU REACH THAT SHIP. BUT OUT HERE, YOU NEVER WILL.
YOU'RE RIGHT, I KNOW IT WON'T HAPPEN.
BUT IF I COULD JUST GET A FEW STEPS CLOSER...
Uh-huh. YOU LOST YOUR WIFE NOT LONG AGO, DIDN'T YOU?
MARCELLA.
YES.
LIFE CAN BE PRETTY MISERABLE, CAN'T IT, MR. DELAMOR? EVERYONE WANTS TO ESCAPE FROM IT SOMETIMES. I'M NO DIFFERENT.
OF COURSE, MY FANTASY REVOLVES AROUND AL GORE, AN ARABIAN STALLION AND A BULL WHIP, BUT ITS THE SAME PRINCIPLE.

I THINK YOU THINK IF YOU'RE NUTS THAT YOU WON'T HAVE TO LEAVE. THAT YOU'LL BE SAFE.
BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DECIDE WHEN YOU HAVE TO LEAVE.
I'M SORRY, YOU'RE RIGHT... I KNOW, I KNOW...

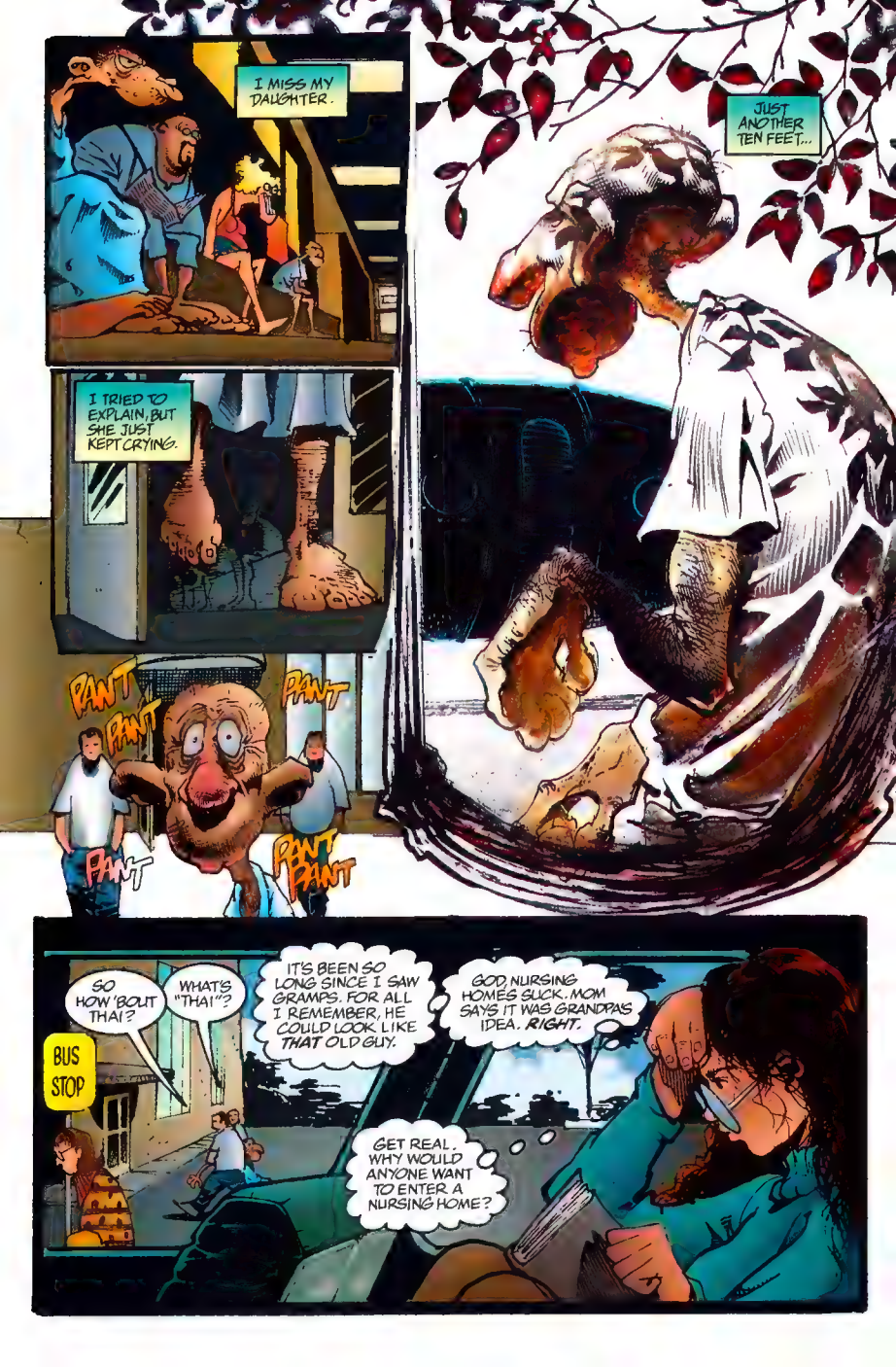

I'M NOT SAYING YOU'RE LYING. I THINK YOU HONESTLY SEE RE-CYCLED 1950'S HORROR FLICKS RUNNING THROUGH YOUR HEAD, AND SO YOU THINK YOU STILL NEED TO BE HERE. BUT YOU DON'T. EVERYBODY HAS A MOVIE IN THEIR HEAD.
NO, I DON'T THINK YOU DO, OR YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE CHASING SPACESHIPS.

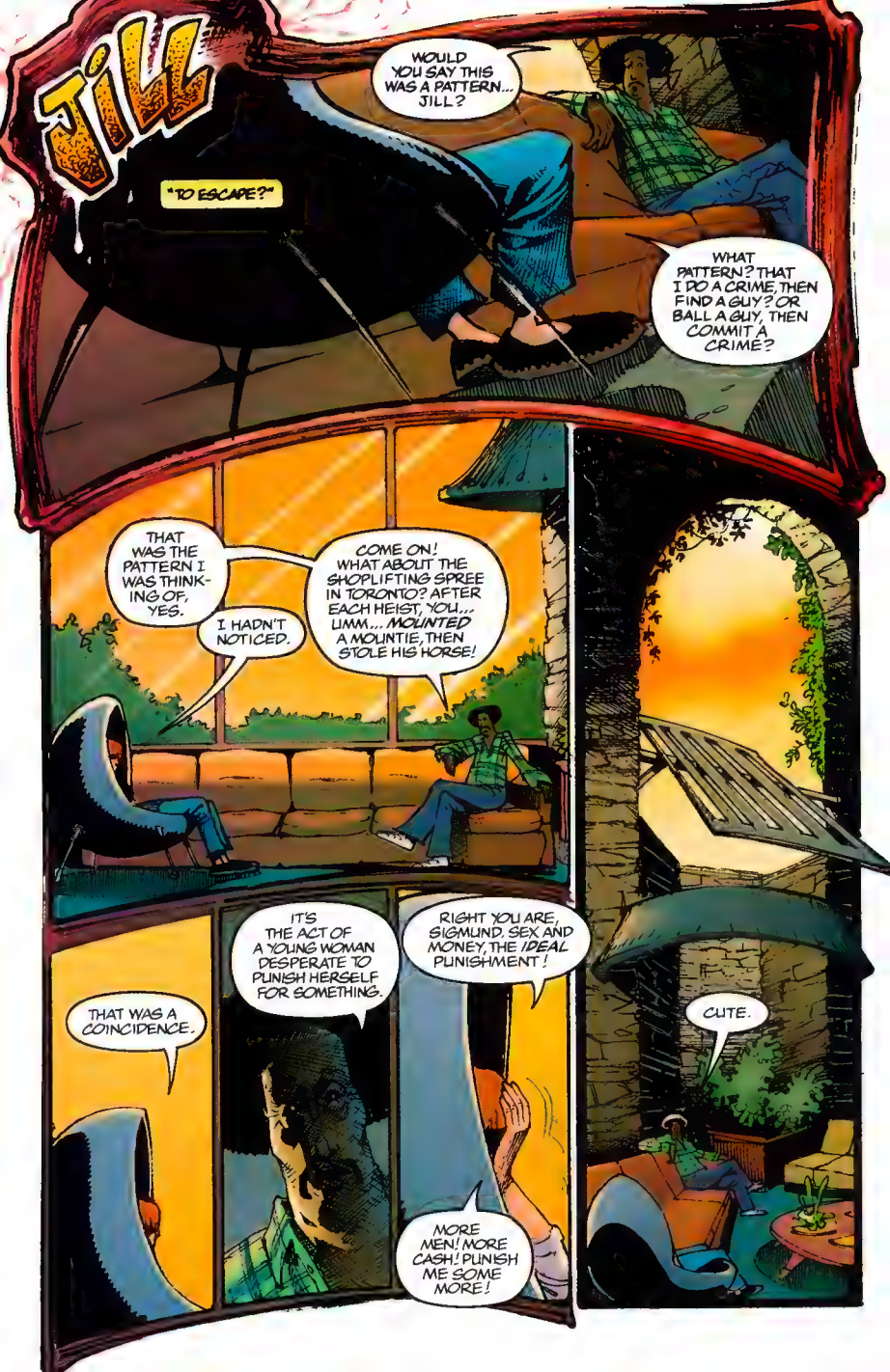
JILL
EVERYTHING WENT PRETTY WELL FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS AFTER I STOLE THE CAR.
I MET THESE TWO GUYS IN TAOS AND GAVE THEM SOMETHING TO TELL THEIR GRANDKIDS ABOUT. MAYBE NOT.
Then I hit somebody in a thunderstorm. And I was screaming, crying over the body...
When I realized it WASN'T raining, and this wasn't a body. It was a Christmas tree.
And then some backpacker came up behind me, and offered help.
Somebody nice.
I don't think we reward nice people often enough, do you?

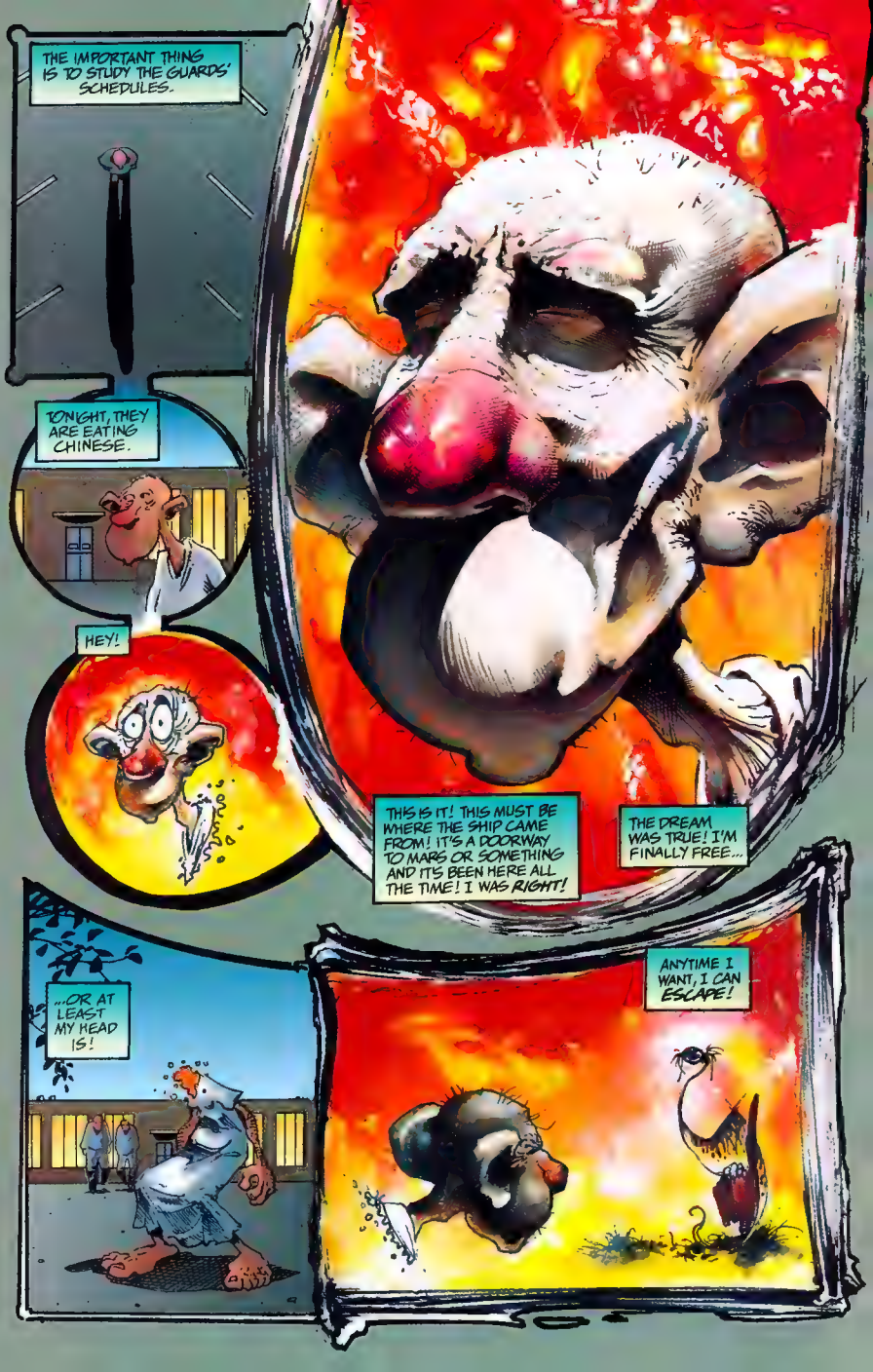

THIS MORNING, I WOKE UP AND EVERYTHING CAME BACK.
THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO REACH THE SHIP.
EVERY DAY I TRY. AND EVERY DAY I GET A LITTLE CLOSER.
THE CLOSER I GET, THE LESS IMPORTANT EVERYTHING ELSE SEEMS.
I GO PAST THE TWO PEOPLE WHO ARGUE ABOUT THE SHAPE OF THE WALL TILES.
AND I STEP OVER THE BOY WHO SCREAMS IN FRENCH IN HIS SLEEP.
AND THEN I'M OUT.
THE SHIP IS 20 FEET AWAY. IT SEEMS SO REAL...
SO WHERE Y'WANNA EAT AFTER THE SHIFT?
I DUNNO. MEX?
...SO REAL.


I can see myself as my Grandma saw me.
But then I see me as me. What's the point of trying?
You ever notice eyelashes look like centipedes?
BAD GIRL
GOOD GIRL
VICTIM GIRL
What's this?
So many images. So many ways for boys to see me.
Mom may have a point. But then she buys all these "Ms." magazines with ARTICLES about oppression and ADS for Revlon. Talk about mixed signals.
All I know is, I can't find any place for someone who looks like ME.
One of Gonie's tapes. Must've fallen out before I tossed the box.

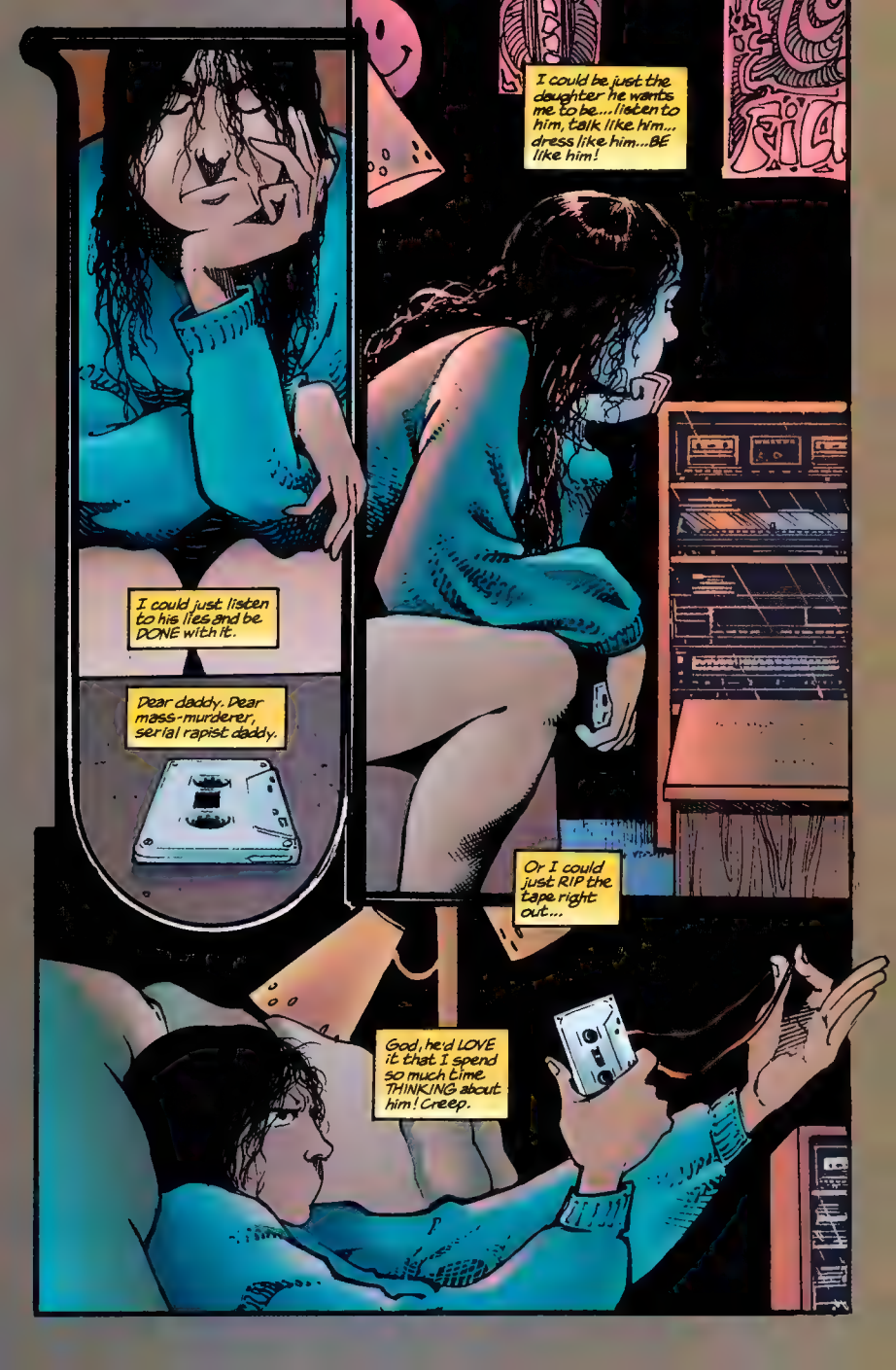
NO, MRS. JAMES. YOUR FATHER IS FINE. HE'S MAKING GREAT PROGRESS.
I JUST FEEL...SO GRODY, Y'KNOW. I FEEL LIKE I SOLD HIM OUT.
I SPENT MY LIFE TRYING TO REBEL AGAINST MOM. NOW SHE'S GONE.
PLEASE KNOCK
CALL MOON CHILD
I JUST CAN'T LOOK AFTER HIM AND SARAH TOO.
PERFECTLY UNDERSTANDABLE. BUT REMEMBER, HE'S THE ONE WHO CHECKED HIMSELF IN. NOBODY BLAMES YOU.

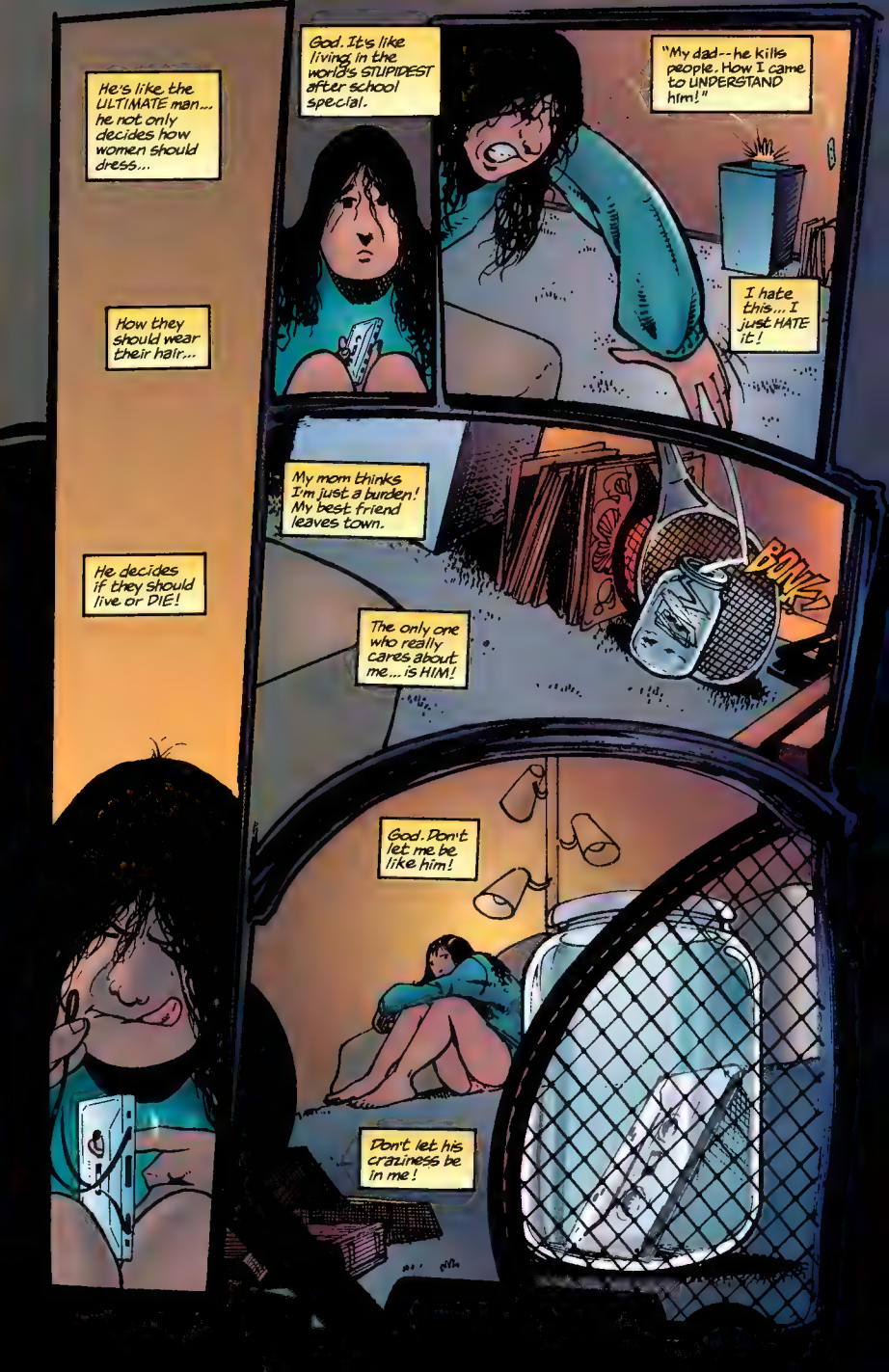

I MISS MY DAUGHTER.
I TRIED TO EXPLAIN, BUT SHE JUST KEPT CRYING.
JUST ANOTHER TEN FEET...
PANT
PANT
PANT
PANT
PANT PANT
BUS STOP
SO HOW 'BOUT THAI?
WHAT'S "THAI"?
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I SAW GRAMPS. FOR ALL I REMEMBER, HE COULD LOOK LIKE THAT OLD GUY.
GOD, NURSING HOMES SUCK. MOM SAYS IT WAS GRANDPAS IDEA. RIGHT.
GET REAL. WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO ENTER A NURSING HOME?


JILL
"TO ESCAPE?"
WOULD YOU SAY THIS WAS A PATTERN... JILL?
WHAT PATTERN? THAT I DO A CRIME, THEN FIND A GUY? OR BALL A GUY, THEN COMMIT A CRIME?
THAT WAS THE PATTERN I WAS THINKING OF, YES.
I HADN'T NOTICED.
COME ON! WHAT ABOUT THE SHOPLIFTING SPREE IN TORONTO? AFTER EACH HEIST, YOU... UMM... MOUNTED A MOUNTIE, THEN STOLE HIS HORSE!
CUTE.
RIGHT YOU ARE, SIGMUND. SEX AND MONEY, THE IDEAL PUNISHMENT!
IT'S THE ACT OF A YOUNG WOMAN DESPERATE TO PUNISH HERSELF FOR SOMETHING.
THAT WAS A COINCIDENCE.
MORE MEN! MORE CASH! PUNISH ME SOME MORE!

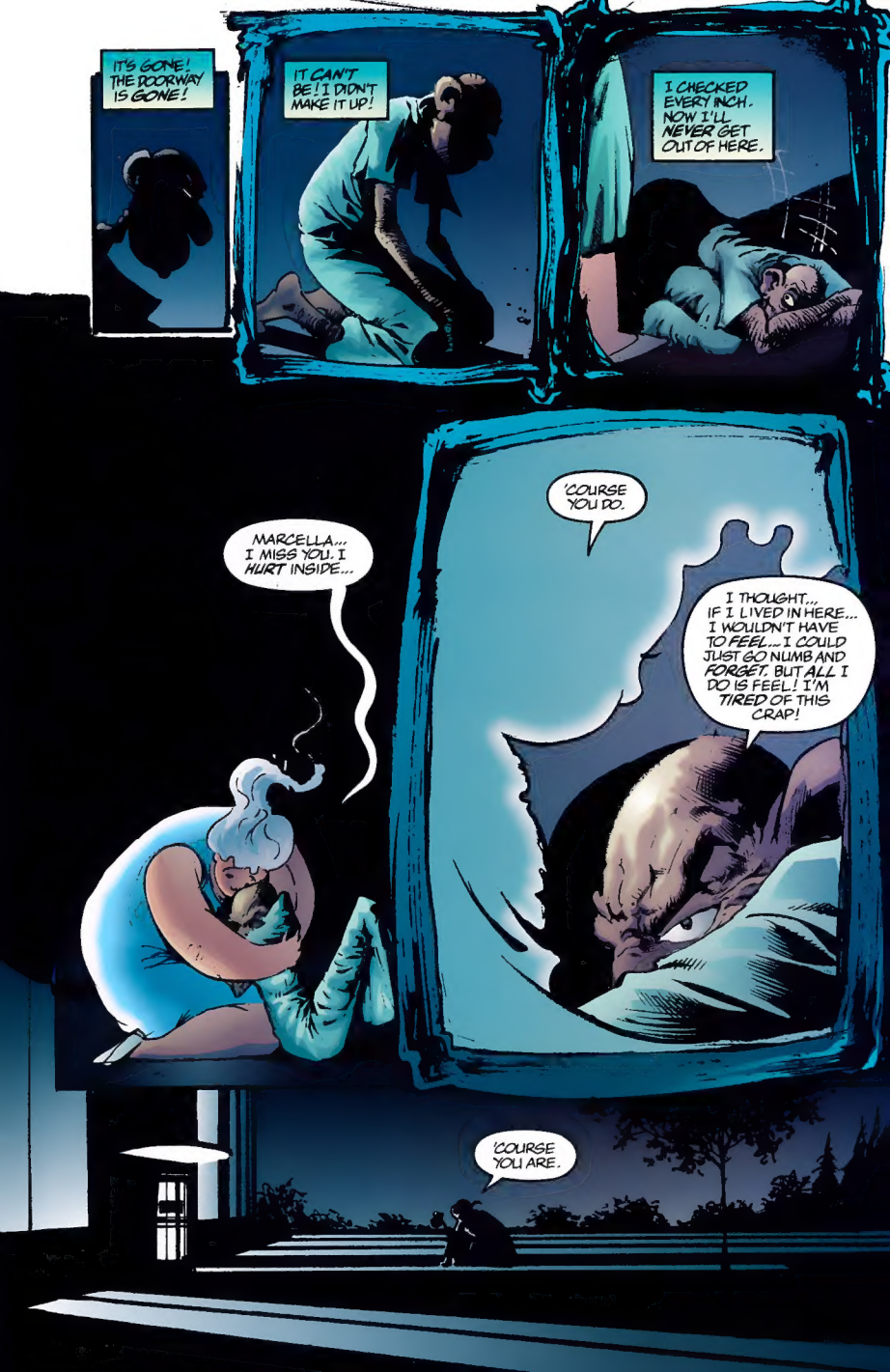

THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO STUDY THE GUARDS' SCHEDULES.
TONIGHT, THEY ARE EATING CHINESE.
HEY!
THIS IS IT! THIS MUST BE WHERE THE SHIP CAME FROM! IT'S A DOORWAY TO MARS OR SOMETHING AND IT'S BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME! I WAS RIGHT!
THE DREAM WAS TRUE! I'M FINALLY FREE...
...OR AT LEAST MY HEAD IS!
ANYTIME I WANT, I CAN ESCAPE!

I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'LL FORCE MY WAY THROUGH. I'LL VANISH AND LEAVE THIS PAINFUL, ROTTEN WORLD!
I'LL FINALLY BE FREE!
FREE OF...
Wooooh
AAH!
...REALITY.

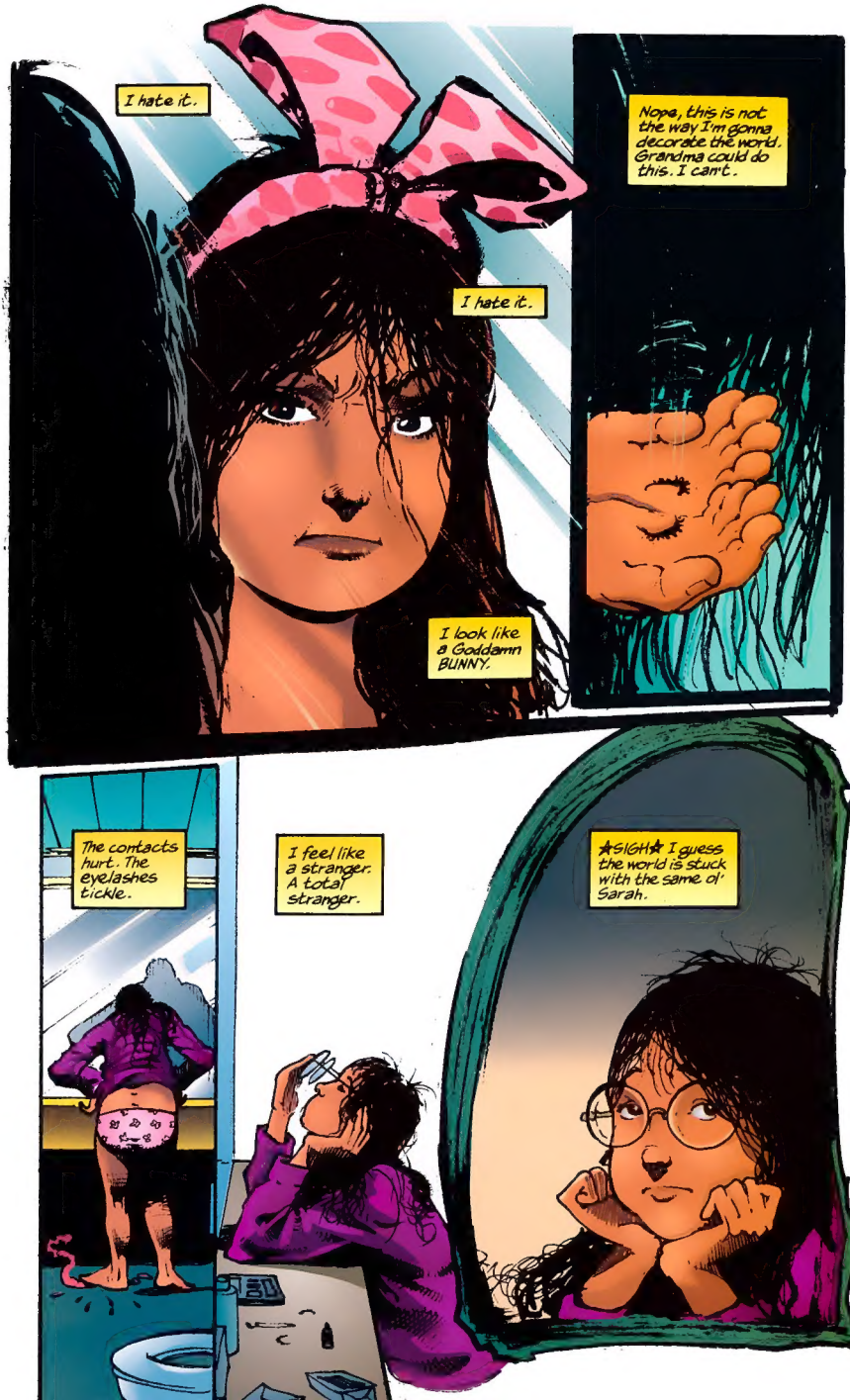

I could be just the daughter he wants me to be... listen to him, talk like him... dress like him... BE like him!
I could just listen to his lies and be DONE with it.
Dear daddy. Dear mass-murderer, serial rapist daddy.
Or I could just RIP the tape right out...
God, he'd LOVE it that I spend so much time THINKING about him! Creep.

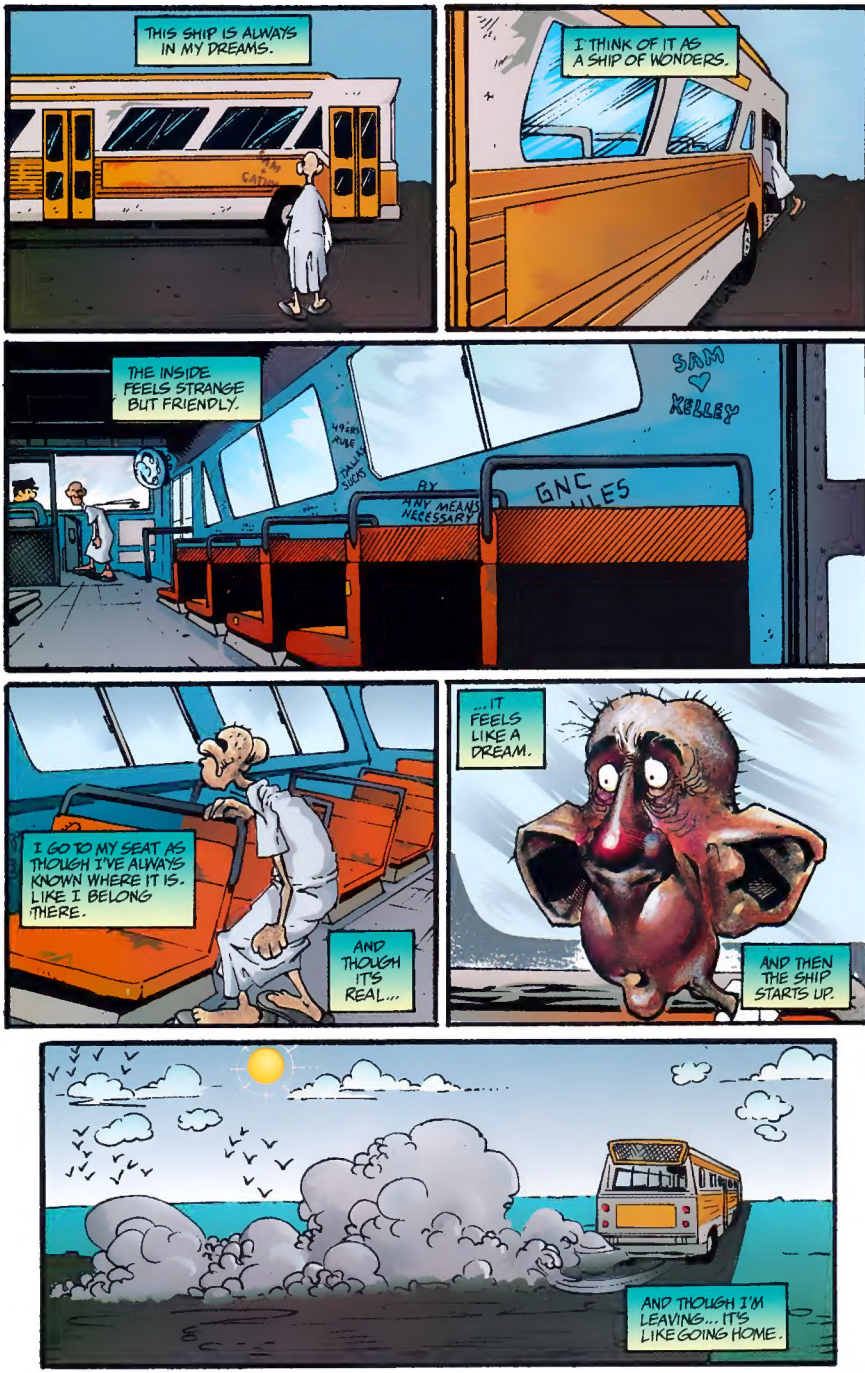

He's like the ULTIMATE man... he not only decides how women should dress...
How they should wear their hair...
He decides if they should live or DIE!
God. It's like living in the world's STUPIDEST after school special.
"My dad--he kills people. How I came to UNDERSTAND him!"
I hate this... I just HATE it!
My mom thinks I'm just a burden! My best friend leaves town.
BONK
The only one who really cares about me... is HIM!
God. Don't let me be like him!
Don't let his craziness be in me!

AT LAST! THE GUARDS ARE GONE!
I'VE WAITED ALL DAY, BUT I CAN FINALLY SLIP THROUGH THAT WINDOW INTO THE OTHER WORLD...
IT'S EXACTLY 14 PACES!
1-2-3-
4-5-6-
7-8-9-
10-11-
12-13-
14-
15-
16...
NO!


IT'S GONE! THE DOORWAY IS GONE!
IT CAN'T BE! I DIDN'T MAKE IT UP!
I CHECKED EVERY INCH. NOW I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE.
'COURSE YOU DO.
I THOUGHT... IF I LIVED IN HERE... I WOULDN'T HAVE TO FEEL... I COULD JUST GO NUMB AND FORGET. BUT ALL I DO IS FEEL! I'M TIRED OF THIS CRAP!
MARCELLA... I MISS YOU. I HURT INSIDE...
'COURSE YOU ARE.

THE BUS IS HERE.
I KNOW. I HAD THE ORDERLY PUT YOUR BAGS ON BOARD.
HE GAVE YOU SOME BURRITOS AND EGG ROLLS FOR THE TRIP.
GOOD.
YOU'VE BEEN A FRIEND.
WRITE ME WHEN YOU GET TO MARS.
NOT REALLY. SHE WOULD HAVE WANTED TO BE ALIVE.
MARCELLA IS ON MARS. I'M STAYING HERE FOR A WHILE.
EMMET? MARCELLA WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY.


I hate it.
I hate it.
I look like a Goddamn BUNNY.
Nope, this is not the way I'm gonna decorate the world. Grandma could do this. I can't.
The contacts hurt. The eyelashes tickle.
I feel like a stranger. A total stranger.
SIGH I guess the world is stuck with the same ol' Sarah.


THIS SHIP IS ALWAYS IN MY DREAMS.
I THINK OF IT AS A SHIP OF WONDERS.
THE INSIDE FEELS STRANGE BUT FRIENDLY.
SAM ♥ KELLEY
BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY
GNC
I GO TO MY SEAT AS THOUGH I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WHERE IT IS. LIKE I BELONG THERE.
AND THOUGH IT'S REAL...
...IT FEELS LIKE A DREAM.
AND THEN THE SHIP STARTS UP.
AND THOUGH I'M LEAVING... IT'S LIKE GOING HOME.